K Ides (Simon) Aud

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THE
EVIAD:
A
BURLESQUE POEM.
IN
TWO CANTOS.

And if weak *Women* go aſtray,
Their Grandam is in fault,—not *they*.
Prior.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Almon, and J. Debrett, *Piccadilly*; R. Faulder, *New Bond Street*;
J. Jolliffe, *St. James's Street*; H. Payne, *Pall-Mall*; T. Becket, *Strand*; and
F. Newbery, *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

P R E F A C E.

WHO can look out of his window in GRUB-STREET, and obſerve how much the Spirit of Gallantry pervades all ranks of Women, without tracing, through the mazes of his imagination, the cauſe of ſo general depravity?

It is a ſubject I no ſooner *muſed* upon, than I was reſolved to oblige the world with an EPIC POEM that ſhould ſuperſede the fame of MILTON: The taſk, arduous as it might ſeem, was happily facilitated by the criticiſm which DRYDEN was *pleaſed* to make upon "PARADISE LOST."

I have obviated the poſſibility of ſuch an invidious cavil by chuſing a *female* for the principal ſubject of my poem. And I truſt it can never be ſaid "The DEVIL is the *hero-ine* of it:" unleſs we are to change our opinion as to his ſex, and make out SATAN a *Diabo-Lady.*

But, alas! I have obviated only one criticiſm where a thouſand may be objected to it. Vanity began this prefatory Strain, but Diffidence takes it up. My Muſe-valiantneſs forſakes me, and I muſt own, this boaſted EPIC, which was to have ſoared above the *ſublime* of MILTON, has ſunk below the *traveſty* of COTTON.

"Amphora cœpit inſtitui,——Urceus exit."

With the beſt intention I began the work; which was, to laugh out of countenance that Diſſipation of the Sex, which would not yield to the ſolemnity of Sermons, or the ſeverity of Satire.

If this Work ſhould have weight enough to fix one Gad-about to her Tambour, or Spinning-wheel, it will ſo far anſwer the views of

The Publick's very reſpectful,
humble Servant,
SIMON IDES.

ERRATA;

Page 26, line 6—for *wreath'd* read *writhed.*

Page 29, line 15—for *haſt* read *have.*

Page 43, line 14—for *us* read *we.*

THE

EVIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

WHEN Witlings every where abound
  Who cenſure this degenerate age,
Poor Woman ſtill the mark is found
  At which they aim their little rage.

The prudiſh Muſes are in league,
  I think, againſt the Girls of Sport;
For ſure as ever they intrigue
  Parnaſſian beadles laſh 'em for 't.

But if a married Woman ſtrays,
  Oh! —that is ſuch a heinous matter,
Their Muſe-ſhips are enough to craze
  One—with their noiſy, ceaſeleſs clatter.

Nor is it angry verſe alone
    Aſperſes cruelly the Fair;
Proſe-writers bitterly bemoan
    ‘ What wicked creatures Women are.’

As if the Men——(God mend ’em) were
    Themſelves decorum’s precedent;
E contra don’t we know they are
    Unbluſhingly incontinent.

How many nightly wrong their wives
    By taking ſtrumpets to their bed?
Yet Women dare not on their lives
    Take Lovers in their Huſbands’ ſtead.

Or if they do ſo ſnug ’t muſt be,
    The frights and fears that they are in——
Leſt unbrib’d Chamber-maids ſhou’d ſee——
    Take off the pleaſure of the Sin.

But is this candid?—Is it right?—
    Had Women help’d the Laws to make
I warrant they had been more tight
    Upon the ſhameleſs, married Rake.

Who for their wives ſo little care,
And freely give *their* paſſions looſe,
Forget the proverb, " What is fair
The gander for—is for the gooſe."

Then prithee give the Sex fair play;
Redreſs to wrongs ſhou'd bear relation:
When huſbands ſhow their wives the way,
Call cuckoldom—retaliation.

Then need not Gr–v'n–r or C–rm–rth–n
Incognito ſeek new Gallants,—
But viſit openly the Garden *
To ſatisfy their preſſing wants.

With paſſions vehement endued,
They plead a plauſible excuſe,
" That they are made of fleſh and blood;—
" That they are fit for carnal uſe."

As ripe, as ready, D–rby ſays,
She is, as fair and fit for ſport,
And has as many winning ways
As any wanton of the Court. †

---

* Covent Garden.

† Read either St. James's, or King's Place *Court*.

See t' other Gig, too,–LADY ANN—
Did ever girl look lovelier, ſweeter?
Think you, in conſcience, any man
Need croſs a merrier little Creature.

Ladies a hundred round me crowd,
Anxious to be upon the liſt;
And beg me to proclaim aloud
" They all are ready to be—kiſt."

Kiſt—in an honourable way,
When HYMEN has ſaid grace, I mean;
Prudence forbid, that I ſhou'd ſay
" The Sex tow'rd fornication lean."

How ſhou'd I know-–, or why declare
" Women are rakiſh at the heart"
Though Satiriſts aſſert they are,
I will be bold to take their part.

Some ſay even Pleaſure is a crime;
The churliſhneſs of Cenſors ſuch is,—
A Parſon late miſpent his time
In writing Sermons to a DUTCHESS.

Think

Think you, HER GRACE was fool enough
To ſtay at home on his account?—
Or, like, indeed, to read ſuch ſtuff?
No, not a page depend upon 't.

Ladies have little time to read
Intruding Moraliſts' reflections;
Much thinking ſtupifies the head;—
Nor is it good for their complexions:

The life they lead, the hours they keep,
Wou'd make even charms Hebean * fail;
Hurtful enough is want of ſleep;
They need not *ſtudy*—to look pale.

But not alone officious Prieſts
" Againſt exceſs of pleaſures preach;
" That luſts degrade us into beaſts"—
And ſuch like rigid precepts teach:

Womens' miſdeeds are chronicled
By *all*;—made every blockhead's jeſt;
The Coxcomb ſhakes his empty head,
Affecting letch'ry to deteſt.

---

* *The Dutcheſs* of DEVONSHIRE has been characterized as HEBE.

Nor is it only now and then
One luckleſs Laſs is tripping caught;
The Rogues abuſe nine out of ten,—
And ſwear the tythe is good for nought.

A many hundred Characters
One Bard conſigns to evil fame;
Another, bolder ſtill, avers
That the whole ſex are–*what's the name?*

Huſbands not given to jealouſy,
Who led uxorious, happy lives,
Are told in Scandal's hue-and-cry*
" What errant ſtrumpets are their wives!"

Believe 't who will, ſo will not I,
What theſe cenſorious wretches ſay,
" The Meſſalina Quality
" Cuckold their huſbands every day."

Knights-fribblers of the petticoat;—
Lady-like danglers;—gentle-men;—
Can ye ſuch ſarcaſms daily note,
And not draw forth, at leaſt, your pen?

---

* The Morning Poſt.

What!—not a muſe amongſt you all
Able to riſe above a ſonnet,
Rebus, acroſtick, madrigal,
Or birth-day nonſenſe?—fie upon it!

Muſt I ſtand forth the champion wight?
Dares no one elſe the combat try?—
Give me the pen, then; I will fight
For the dear Sex untill I die.

Miſtake me not;—I do not mean
Full *approbation* of their ways:—
There is ſome difference, I ween,
Extenuation 'twixt and praiſe.

To ſave the ſex ſome little ſhame
Be mine the taſk, nor difficult;
I'll prove their Grandam was to blame,
And leſſen thus the Daughters' fault.

Six thouſand years ago almoſt
(As ſage Chronologiſts pretend)
It is ſince EVE her virtue loſt,
Miſtaking SATAN for her Friend:

If Woman ſtill continues frail,
'Tis but the leven of her evil,
O'er whom nor ADAM cou'd prevail,
Nor GOD,—to keep her from the DEVIL.

Rather my pen wou'd praiſe the fair,
Their virtues, goodneſs only tell;—
But truth compels me to declare
By what falſe ſtep our Grandam fell.

Which that I may with all the grace
And dignity ſuch acts require,
The Epic Muſe begs leave to trace
The hiſtory a little high'r.

When the great *Fiat* had been ſaid,
And CHAOS driven from EARTH to HELL;*
When Light, *et cætera* were made,
And every thing looked fair and well:

---

* Some learned Phyſiologiſts have imagined, "that the groſſeſt CHAOTICK matter went to the compoſition of the planet SATURN:" I do not preſume to controvert their opinion; but, I have MILTON's (which, they will ſay, is but *poetical*),—authority for my ſentiment thereon.

Then, from the clay, was faſhion'd Man;
From him—"the laſt, beſt work of all"—
Woman, to carry on the plan
Of peopling this terreſtrial Ball.

In EDEN placed, a garden wide,
ADAM perforce turn'd gardener;
EVE work'd in common at his ſide,
And he grew very fond of her.

EVE too was bleſt, as Dame cou'd be;
She ſcarce cou'd form a wiſh, or want;
Or, if ſhe did, ſo facile he—
Ready at all times was to grant.

A pattern they for ſpouſes, ſure;
Who for I know-not-how-long * cou'd
Each others company endure,
Nor grow or negligent, or rude.

---

* It has been aſſerted by ſome JEWISH Doctors, "that EVE tranſgreſſed on the very day of her creation:" others, with more candour maintain, "that ſhe continued honeſt during the firſt, or as it is now vulgarly called, "the Honey Moon." For my part, I incline rather to the latter aſſertion, as more conſonant to circumſtances very ſimilar in our own times; when we find, Women ſeldom run away from their Huſbands till they have had a month or two's trial of them.

In terms of antiquated love,
He called her his dear ‘ fleſh,’ ‘ rib’, ‘ bone ;’
She ſwore by Earth, and Heaven above,
“ To love but him, and him alone.”

For, ſo unfaſhionable were
This couple, in the country bred,
So unrefined, they did not care
What loving things they did, or ſaid.

Love’s raging joys were at their height ;
Nor did they wiſh its flames to ſmother ;
Morning and evening, noon and night,
They ſaid ſoft things to one another.

And, when with amorous toying tir’d,
If, chance, too bad the weather was
For work, Eve, ſocial Soul, deſired
Her hub to take a chearful glaſs.

Which Adam ſcarcely e’er refuſed ;
And, as ſtrong drinks encourage chat,
If not too maudlin grown, he uſed
To read her lectures on ‘ what’s what.’

Oſt-times his converſation turn'd
On phyſico-theology:
New wonders daily were diſcern'd
By ADAM's philoſophick eye.

But EVE to higher knowledge ſoar'd;
To metaphyſicks; things abſtruſe,
And ſpeculative ſhe explored;—
Ev'n "Angels" properties, and uſe.

She wonder'd "how they paſſed their nights;
"Whether they ſlept; what ſex they were;
"If qualified for Love's delights;
"And if they coupled in the air?"

'Spirits ethereal, ADAM ſaid,
'Had joys more exquiſite, no doubt:'
EVE unbelieving ſhook her head;
Thinking no Soul cou'd live without.

One thing, at leaſt, ſhe envied them,—
Their eaſy paſſage through the ſky:
Like DÆDALUS, her darling aim,
Her great ambition was to fly.

" Why not to us were pinions given?
" (She ſaid;) I ſhou'd be glad to know
" What things are going on in Heaven,—
" Or ev'n in the Abyſs below.

" To unknown regions wou'd I fly;
" The Univerſe at large wou'd range;
" See every Orb's variety;
" And every hour my climate change."

From hints a many of this kind
Adam diſcover'd, ere 'twas long,
Rambling had ſeiz'd his Madam's mind,
Rambling—the burden of her ſong:

And much he grieved his labour vain
Beſtowed in building of a Cot;
She was not likely to remain
Enamour'd long of any ſpot.

" Adam, my dear; one morn, ſaid Eve,
" Were it not politick, and wiſe,—
" Beſide the pleaſure you'd receive,—
" To make the Tour of Paradise?

" You have been working hard of late ;
" Dear **Ad**, you muſt not work for ever :
" Slaving at ſuch a horrid rate,
" You'll get a head-ach, or a fever."

Adam, with half-aſſenting ſmile,
Replied ' your ſcheme is very good ;
' Poſtpone it but a little while ;—
' 'Till I have finiſh'd felling wood.

' 'Tis not my way, you know, my dear,
' What I begin—to do by halves ;
' Our *Ferme ornée* is finiſh'd near,
' A hog-ſtye ſave, and pen for calves.

' Your dairy, too, to be complete,
' Will take a fortnight's work, or ſo ;
' Then, on our piebald nag we 'll get,
' And turn our faces weſtward ho *.'

---

* *Weſtward ho.*] To reſcue this paſſage from the cenſure of Gentlemen-Criticks, who, perhaps, never read the *Book* of *Geneſis*, or have long ſince forgotten it,—it may be neceſſary here to note that our Couple were ſituated *Eaſtward* in **Eden**. How very gallant, then, was it in **Adam** to ſay he would be ready to wait upon his Spouſe even to the extremity of their Domain.

Eve reliſhed not ſo long delay:
(Who wou'd poſtpone a pleaſant tour?)
Her downcaſt viſage ſeem'd to ſay,—
" No time is like the preſent hour."

" Why to this Cottage ſo attach'd?
" (She ſaid;) 'tis wretched in it's kind:
" Clay-walled; and miſerably thatch'd;
" Secured nor rain againſt, nor wind.

" If further tow'rd the South we go,
" Your Garden Ground will have more Sun;
" There, choiceſt fruits ſpontaneous grow;
" Hot-houſes—you will need of none.

" Come,—let us chuſe a pretty ſpot
" For a new Manſion:—come, my Love."
No:—Adam vow'd ' that he wou'd not;
' 'Twas too much trouble to remove.'

" Well, if *you* do not chuſe to ſtir
" From what you call your *Ferme ornèe*
" I hope *I* have your leave, good Sir,
" To fetch a little walk to-day.

" Some flowers I want of freſher hue,
" Jaſmines and roſes for the bow'r:
" I'll ſoon be back;—but wait not you
" A moment paſt the dinner hour.

" And ſhou'd you at your buſineſs tire,
" Faint with the heat, or too much toil,
" Our *ſoup ſantée* * is on the fire,
" And ere I go I'll make it boil."

Says ADAM, ' You were wont to prize
' Your Beauty, is't not worth your care?
' Think, SIRIUS rages in the ſkies;
' Then, prithee, Rambler, go not far.

' Where is the fig-leaf hat you made;—
' Calaſh;—umbrella?—none at hand?
' Contrive to keep, then, in the ſhade,
' Or you'll get miſerably tann'd.

' Preſerve that boſom ſnowy white;
' That poliſhed, fine, tranſparent ſkin,
' Whoſe azure veins mine eyes delight,—
' Here ſwelling full, there faintly ſeen.

---

* A Soup compoſed chiefly of herbs; and ſtill much in vogue in France.

' But,

‘ But, why, my lovelieſt, wilt thou roam
‘ Juſt in the middle of the day?
‘ Had'ſt thou not better ſtay at home,
‘ Thy lambkins with, or kids, to play?

‘ Yet more, my dear;—the truth to own,
‘ I cannot brook you out of ſight:
‘ The thought of dining quite alone
‘ Has ta'en away my appetite.’

Eve ſaid, “ We ſeldom dine apart;
“ Nor happy, without you, am I:
“ But let us try for once, ſweet-heart,
“ My new coined word–*Variety*.

“ On what I dine I care not much;
“ Though * breeding I'm not fanciful;
“ The firſt fair fruit that courts my touch
“ I ſhall, ſans ceremony, pull.”

---

* *Though breeding.*] It is a queſtion (perhaps of idle ſpeculation,) Whether Adam and Eve were *perſonally* included in the commandment of “ Encreaſe, and multiply.” Many of the primitive Fathers of the Church imagined they were not; and “ that the World would have been peopled, (had not Eve tranſgreſſed,) by ſome very innocent, and ſimple mode of Vegetation.” (*Vide* Gibbon's *Roman Hiſtory.*—Chap. 15 or 16—Note.)

Nurſes, to this day, talk nonſenſe to Children “ about the fecundity of the parſley-bed;” in ridicule, perhaps, of the opinion of thoſe chaſte Fathers.

‘ Michael forbid! He ſtern rejoin'd:
‘ The *Tree of Knowledge!*—that is fair;
‘ Keep God’s Injunction in your mind;—
‘ Of that ſame tempting fruit beware.

‘ You know that Satan is our foe,
‘ Revengeful, cunning, fraudulent;
‘ Debarr’d himſelf ſweet peace to know,
‘ The more on our deſtruction bent.

‘ Shou’d He in ſome ſequeſter’d path
‘ Of wood alone encounter you,—
‘ A moſt bewitching tongue he hath,—
‘ Hell knows what miſchief he may do.’

Eve piqued, thus, petulant, replied;
“ Suſpect not me,–but look at home!
“ I ſay it, Sir, in conſcious pride,
“ I dare this dreadful Devil to come.

“ Fearleſs of harm I’ll venture forth;
“ Tempt me whatever way He can,
“ I’ll prove that Woman has ſome worth,
“ And claim reſpect from lordly Man.”

Away the ſcornful Heroine fled,
Like light'ning's flaſh, or paſſing wind;
Not even " farewell" ſhe parting ſaid,
Nor *caſt one lingering look behind* *.

ADAM aghaſt at what he heard,
Unuſual horrors entertained:
He ſmote his breaſt, and pluckt his beard,
And thus in dolorous accents plained.

' Am I, or am I not awake?—
' Ah! me, I wou'd a dream it were;
' But, in too plain a voice ſhe ſpake;—
' The ſounds ſtill vibrate on my ear.

' The Lion, leopard, tiger, bear,—
' The elephant, rhinoceros,—
' Beaſts of the field, fowls of the air,
' And fiſhes,—all obey my voice.

' What boots that I the lord of all
' Am made that live in PARADISE,
When this dear two-legg'd Animal
' The firſt from her obedience flies?

---

* GRAY'S ELEGY.

‘ This laſt, beſt gift, ſo wonderous fair;
‘ For whom I toiled whole days and nights;—
‘ Beſtowed on all my love and care:
‘ My love and care ſhe thus requites!’

This ſaying, at his lubber length
He fell, and utter’d grievous ſighs;
Aſhamed to weep, yet had not ſtrength
To ſtop the ſluices of his eyes.

Scarce mightier woes he after knew
When exiled from that bliſsful land;
Or, when DEATH firſt his victim ſlew
By CAIN’s curs’d, fratricidal hand.

But Nature cou’d not long ſuſtain
The weight of ſuch exceſſive grief;
And ADAM, wearied out with pain,
In ſleep aſſuaſive ſought relief.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE

EVIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

EVE all this while was traverſing
Meads, mountains, vales, and woodlands o'er;
Pleaſed with, admiring every thing,—
Objects but faintly ſeen before.

Whatever novel path ſhe trod—
There was nor tree, nor ſhrub, nor weed in*,
But ſhow'd, ſhe thought, the hand of GOD
Beneficently ſtretch'd o'er EDEN.

---

* *Weed in.*] I have in this, as well as in other inſtances, departed ſomewhat from the over-zealous opinions of thoſe pious Divines, who pretend, that, nothing *weed-like*, or *noxious* grew in ſo happy a region as PARADISE. It will not be deemed irreverent, I hope, to ſuppoſe, that, ſome Weeds might be allowed to ſpring up in that exuberant Soil; if it was only by way of ſtimulus to ADAM's induſtry. Since, we know, by woeful experience, that Man was not created all-perfect, why ſhould we enthuſiaſtically venerate the very ground he trod upon?

Eve, though not abſolutely good,
Was not abandon'd in her nature;
Some notions had of gratitude;
And ſometimes thought of her Creator.

Adam alone had loſt her love
By daring to oppoſe her ſcheme;
For which ſhe was reſolv'd to rove
Far as ſhe cou'd away from him.

And all the way ſhe went along
Thought "what a ſtupid fool was He
"To ſtay at home his beaſts among
"Who might abroad ſuch wonders ſee."

Better She too had ſtayed at home,
(Where Houſewives good are wont to ſtay;)
For rambling on, ſhe chanced to come
Juſt to the ſpot where Satan lay.

Not in his proper ſhape, I ween,
In terrors pandimonial clad;
As commonly by ſchoolboys ſeen,
Or Goodies run religion-mad*.

---

* The wooden Cuts, annexed to ſome *methodiſtical publications*, depict the Devil after a very ſtrange fancy.

Then Eve had ſeen his purpoſe through;
Her virtue up in arms had been;
Nor harm cou'd he have hoped to do:—
Her pride had kept her free from Sin.

Satan, who knew by ſecret ſpell
Which way the Fugitive wou'd paſs,
His helliſh purpoſe to conceal,
Lay like *a* Serpent *in the graſs*;

Coil'd up in many a curious fold;
Till juſt as Eve came tripping by,
He raiſed his head of burniſh'd gold,
And glitt'ring creſt, to lure her eye.

Not doomed to crawl upon the earth,
As yet, he rear'd himſelf aloft *,
Friſkt before Eve, and gambol'd round;
Turn'd as ſhe turn'd, and ſtopt as oft.

Ill-fated fair! cou'd'ſt thou have gueſs'd
The Serpent's miſchievous intent,
Wou'd'ſt thou have fondled, and careſs'd,
And ſuffer'd his falſe blandiſhment?

---

* Serpents to this day, are taught to dance ereſt in India.
Goldsmith's Anim. Nat.

Alas! She did not underſtand
His tricks, but ſtroked his neck and brow;
And let him lick her lily hand,
As Ladies let their lap-dogs now.

And ſince the novelty was gone
Of ſcenes that lately charm'd the eye,
Better than being quite alone
She thought the SERPENT's company.

At length with hunger overcome,
And her long ramble, EVE began
To wiſh herſelf again at home
At dinner with her own good man.

She caſt her eyes about for fruit;
Fruit there was none within her ken:
Nor did that ſpot afford one root,
Ev'n parſnips had been welcome then.

In ſuch diſtreſs, what cou'd the Dame?
Nor taliſman ſhe had, nor wand:—
Nor Elves nor Fairies to her came,
To take their Miſtreſs's command.

Too well the SERPENT underſtood
Her wants, and with officious haſte
Fetch'd her ſome fruits ſo fair and good
A ſated Epicure might taſte.

And thoſe which ſmelt moſt exquiſite
As the light breeze their odour fann'd,
As well as faireſt to the ſight,
He placed convenient to her hand.

With the ſame ſlight as Jugglers do,
Who ſpread the cards for you to chuſe,
But, *one* thruſt foremoſt in the row
The ready hand can not refuſe.

EVE, almoſt famiſh'd, took the bait;—
'Twas " fruit from the forbidden Tree:"
Pippins a dozen at leaſt ſhe ate:
The Devil well pleaſed ſhe made ſo free.

No Hoſt more pleaſure cou'd receive
Than he did, from his hungry Gueſt;
Nor was it poſſible for EVE
To do more credit to a feaſt.

The fruit's effects immediate
 Appear'd, and She, from being dull,
Grew more and more intoxicate;
 And look'd more gay and beautiful.

The roſes that had lately fled
 Her cheeks, again reſumed their place;
Joy o'er her Countenance was ſpread,
 Heighten'd above its native grace.

With ſuch intent, at country wake,
 Love-powder in the treach'rous glaſs
Infuſed is given by ruſtick Rake
 T' intoxicate ſome favourite laſs.

Soon ſhe becomes in frolick mood;
 Her boſom beats to Love's alarms:
The fever raging in her blood
 She quenches in her Lover's arms*.

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* For *Lover*—read *Raſcal.* I have been informed by an honeſt Country Apotheeary, that hardly a Fair comes round, but he is applied to for a certain, pernicious, inflammatory drug; and which the Bumpkins not ſeldom enquire for by the vulgar name of "Love-powder." I wiſh every medical Gentleman, upon ſuch applications, would be guilty of my Friend's pious fraud, by ſubſtituting ſome very innocent ingredient in the place of the miſchievous one required.

So EVE with carnal thoughts inflamed,
Sparkling her eyes with luſt-ful fire,
(The fruit,—not ſhe was to be blamed,)
Was almoſt madden'd with deſire.

Her breaſts with love-emotions beat
Her limbs wreath'd many an attitude;
No wonder, SATAN, at her feet,
Became intolerably lewd.

Reſuming his own ſhape the while,
He ſtood, and gaz'd upon her charms;
Then grinn'd an Ideot's amorous ſmile,
And caught the frail-one in his arms.

MOSES, nor MILTON ſays for certain
What more paſs'd;—'tis all conjecture;
Nor ſhall my Muſe draw back the curtain,—
'Twere not modeſt to detect her.

ADAM,—poor creature,—what of him
All this unhappy while became?—
'Twas like enough, that he ſhou'd dream
His wretched Wife wou'd come to ſhame.

What ſhame?—for, as to Cuckoldom,
Cou'd ſuch a thought diſturb his brain?
Where none corporeal elſe cou'd come,
The Dame might long,—but long in vain.

But great, indeed, was ADAM's fear
About the "Tree of good and evil;"
He dreaded leſt his Wife ſhou'd ſteer
That way in conſort with the DEVIL.

And what the conſequence wou'd be,
Shou'd ſhe tranſgreſs, he cou'd not tell;—
Whether, or not, an Imp wou'd flee
Away with her poſt-haſte to Hell:

Or other penitential place
Below there might be,—*Purgatory*,—
Where Souls were cleans'd by acts of grace,
Ere ſent into the upper Story *.

If ſo; he hoped, ſome future day,
When *her* offences were forgiven,
And *he* had caſt his ſlough of clay,
They might ſhake hands again in Heaven.

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* ——— *exinde per amplum*
Mittimur ELYSIUM.———VIRGIL.

Though ſcarce a hope poſſeſs'd his breaſt
Of his lorn Wife's partaking it—
He had prepared a little feaſt;
Nor till ſhe came wou'd taſte a bit.

Bread-fruits, and ſavoury cates he cull'd,
Such as were wont to pleaſe the Dame;
Grapes, figs, pears, plumbs,—the beſt he pull'd:
Trifles ſcarce worthy here to name:

But, ſocial hearts the feaſt approve
Compoſed of trifles e'er ſo ſmall:
Things of no worth from thoſe we love
Are valued;—Love is all in all.

As in the Dairy ADAM ſat,
(Taking EVE's office at the churn *,)
He kept his eye towards the gate,
Anxiouſly waiting her return.

When, lo! he preſently beheld
His *Spoſa* tripping jocund home;
And ran like mad acroſs the field,
O'erjoyed that She, at laſt, was come.

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* Leſs diſgracefully than HERCULES held the Diſtaff.

Yet, an appearance ſingular
  Remark'd, as nearer ſhe advanced ;—
Humming ſhe was ſome jig-like air,
  And the true ſtep-fandango [*] danced.

Her eyes, grown bold and confident,
  Flaſhes of luſt on ADAM lighten'd ;
But he or knew not what ſhe meant,
  Or elſe affected to be frighten'd.

For madder not OLYMPIAS look'd
  When at the *Orgick Feaſts*, intwin'd
With Serpents, BACCHUS ſhe invok'd [†].—
  But EVE—her Serpent left behind.

He ſtarted back, and ſharply ſaid,
  ‘ Where have you been, I prithee, Child?
‘ Where ſuch a tedious time haſt ſtaid?
  ‘ And, what is't makes you look ſo wild?

Has

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[*] *Fandango.*] A very indecent SPANISH dance.——THICKNESSE's TOUR.

[†] Not long after PHILIP's marriage with OLYMPIAS, a *Dragon* was obſerved to lie cloſe by her whilſt ſhe ſlept ; an interloper ſo unexpected, and ſo diſagreeable to PHILIP, that his affection for his wife began to decline from that moment. For, whether he looked upon her in the light of “ a Sorcereſs,” or “ as one with whom ſome God had commerce, under that aſſumed figure,”—he thenceforward conceived himſelf to be no fit match for her. But, there is another way of accounting for OLYMPIAS's having ſo ſtrange a bed-

fellow ;

‘ Has any Beaſt with rebel tooth
  ‘ Or horn aſſail'd you any where?
‘ And how provoked you it?—*the truth,*
  ‘ *And nothing but the truth declare.*’

He pauſed; but not a ſingle word
  The Dame had ready to reply:
Not that ſhe, conſcience-ſtruck, abhorr'd
  The aggravation of a lie.

But ſhe was ſtudying what to ſay;
  Lies ſhe had not, as yet, at will:
And the deep game ſhe had to play,
  Required much nicety and ſkill.

Hurt not a little was her pride,
  Forewarn'd ſo late as She had been:
Leſt Adam ſhou'd exulting chide,
  She was reſolved to take him in.

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fellow; that does not, indeed, redound much more to her credit, than the former ones. She was a Samo-thracian by birth, and had been early initiated in the Bacchanalian *Rites*; and was more than ordinarily addicted to the frantick celebration of them: Inſomuch, that to perform them with the moſt barbarick dread, ſhe was wont to dance with tame *Serpents* encircling her head like a chaplet; creeping out of the ivy, and myſtick fans; or wound about the ſacred ſpears. It is not improbable that one of theſe familiar animals accidentally entangled, or purpoſely concealed in Olympias's hair, had been ſo carried to bed with her. —*See* Plutarch.

‘ You muſt not give this humour way;—
‘ This looks like ſulkineſs, ſaid ADAM
‘ Come, give the hiſtory of to-day,
‘ My pretty, pouting, ſullen Madam.’

“ Excuſe me, AD, till by and by;
“ I’ve got a ſwimming in my head,
“ And am ſo weary, I ſhall *die*,
“ Unleſs you let me go to bed.”

‘ To bed already?—See the Sun
‘ Ev’n bluſhes at the very name;
‘ His journey ſcarce three-fourths is run,
‘ And you wou’d go to bed! for ſhame.

‘ No, no;—indulged you muſt not be;
‘ Give an account firſt, where you’ve been:
‘ Not the leaſt tittle keep from me
‘ Of what you’ve done, or heard, or ſeen.

‘ And—“ You ſhall *die*” is ſuch a phraſe,—
‘ Figure of ſpeech ſo bold, and new,
‘ It doth ſtill more my wonder raiſe
‘ Of what-a-plague is come to you.’

Eve found He was ſo poſitive,
    Some tale or other muſt be told:
The true account ſhe durſt not give;
    Time, ſoon enough, wou'd that unfold.

The Devil prompted her to try
    Her charms, her huſband to perſuade
In ſin to keep her company;—
    And thus the artful Baggage ſaid.

" I think, I'm ſomewhat better now;
    " My ſickneſs is gone off almoſt:—
" 'Twas but the conſequence, I trow,
    " Of fainting,—and the blood I loſt."

' Adam alarm'd, cries, " Fainting!"—when?—
    ' And " Loſs of blood!"—what's this I hear?
' Where is the wound?—Does't give you pain?
    ' Let me examine you, my Dear.'

" The briars and brambles did it, Ad,
    " As I was haſt'ning home to you:
" I have been prick'd till I was mad
    " Almoſt, and beaten black and blue.

" I'm

" I'm torn all over, I proteſt;
" Sore as if flay'd from top to toe:
" I feel a ſwelling at each breaſt;—
" And itch intol'rably below.

" Lower,—ſtill lower caſt your eyes:—
" You're yet a mile above the mark;
" Juſt here, I mean,—betwixt my thighs:—
" You uſed to find it in the dark."

Oh! 'twou'd inflame a JOSEPH's mind,
To ſee, with what incentive grace,
Her body backward ſhe reclined
That he might ſearch—*the nameleſs Place* *.

How tempting lovely to the ſight
Her limbs on couch of roſe-leaves ſpread!
How well ſet off her ſnowy white
In contraſt with their glowing red!

Whoſe can her charms be liken'd to?
Name the World's Beauties, one by one:—
Not ev'n our BRITISH Fair will do;
EVE beggar'd all compariſon.

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* Even STERNE deſpaired of conveying ' certain parts' to a cleanly mind by any language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever.

Not JERSEY, RUTLAND, BOUVERIE,
Nor WARWICK, WALDEGRAVE*, CARPENTER†,—
To whom love's votaries bow the knee,—
Are worthy to compare with her.

If you cou'd blend with STANHOPE's ‡ grace,
And BEAUCHAMP's form, and WORSLEY's fire,
And HARLEY's || cherubimick face,
The rapt'rous ſmiles of DEVONSHIRE.

Then your warm fancy might pourtray
Ev'n more than C–SW–Y's pencil drew
For EMILY **.—So wanton lay
The Dame to ADAM in full view.

He who was downright fleſh and blood,
Found it impoſſible to eye
Limbs ſo well turn'd, ſo fair, and good,
With ſtupid, ſtoick apathy.

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* *Lady* LAURA W———. † *Lady* ALMERIA C———.

‡ *Lady* ANNA MARIA S———. || Miſs H———.

** It is the cuſtom with modeſt Ladies to *ſit* for their pictures, but EMILY (who was perhaps the handſomeſt Woman ſince the days of EVE,) and many other very beautiful *Girls of the Town* have *lain* to *Mr.* C——— a Painter, remarkably happy in his Copies after pure nature.

EVE's

Eve's roguiſh ſmile the trick betrays:
She knew, He was not like to find
Defects, but beauties that wou'd raiſe
His love, and force him to be kind.

Her form as perfect as before;
As delicate, and ſoft her ſkin:
The more Ad look'd, and felt her o'er,
The leſs he thought of where ſhe'd been.

He laid aſide his angry air;—
(For Man is eaſily ſubdued;)
His arms her waiſt encircling were,
And ſhe in kind complying mood.

The bargain eaſily was ſtruck,
When things were gone ſo far,—you think:
Alas! the Demon of Ill-luck
Croſſes us ev'n at pleaſure's brink.

Say, Rake-hells;—have ye never known,
When ye were very hot upon't,
The prudent Hackney make you "down—
"Down with the cole,"—or elſe diſmount.

Eve made her terms; and wou'd inſiſt—
(As he was going juſt to grapple,)
" That, ere ſhe let herſelf be kiſt
" Adam ſhou'd eat a little—*Apple.*"

' An apple!—what a ſtrange requeſt,—
(He argued) ' and at that time too!—
' He was not fond of them at beſt;
' And *then*—he'd ſomething elſe to do.'

" 'Twas but a trifle, (She replied;)
" A fancy, a vagary, whim
" Of her's; nor wou'd ſhe be denied:—
" She'd do as much again for him."

Adam had nothing more to ſay;
It was ridiculous, no doubt;
But, better give her humour way,
Than quarrel ſuch a whim about.

His eyes, ſtill wand'ring o'er her charms,
Spied an adornment in her hair,
Which fill'd his breaſt with freſh alarms,
And made him yet Love's rights forbear;

‘ What is this new, fantaſtick dreſs?
‘ This apple-bloſſom coronet?
‘ My mind forebodes, yet fears to gueſs,
‘ By what dire hap with this you met.

‘ No trees, ſave “ The forbidden one,”
‘ This beauteous kind of bloſſom bear:
‘ The taking it was idly done;
‘ But worſe, perſiſting it to wear;

‘ I hope thou haſt not, impiouſly,
‘ Farther preſumed, to taſte the *fruit*;
‘ For if thou haſt,—then muſt thou die:—
‘ Thou bluſheſt;—ſure thou durſt not do't.

‘ Cou'dſt thou forget the dread decree
‘ Pronounced againſt us, if we dare
‘ Deſpoil this one, excepted Tree?—
‘ You'll be tranſported—God knows where.

‘ And what ſhall I without you do?
‘ What ſolace have, when you are gone?
‘ So uſed to live, and lie with you,—
‘ How ſhall I live, or lie alone?

‘ On cypreſs trees I'll carve your name;
‘ Write the beſt epitaph I can;
‘ Sigh to the wind, weep to the ſtream;—
‘ A moping, melancholy Man.’

“ Hold, good man ADAM; not ſo faſt;
(EVE, out of patience, pertly ſaid,)
“ You ſeem in ſuch confounded haſte,
“ 'Tis very like you wiſh me dead.

“ I'm not afraid the truth to own:
“ You're right enough in your conjecture;
“ The ſo much dreaded deed *is* done:—
“ Come, then; begin a ſecond lecture.

“ This Chaplet, which you aſk about,
“ Was taken from that ſelf-ſame Tree.
“ But, why, I pray you, all this rout?
“ Has any miſchief happ'd to me?

“ I ate of Apples not a few;
“ What vengeful Ill does me betide?
“ Death, it was ſaid, muſt needs enſue;
“ But I know better who have tried.

“ I chanced on ’em, when I was faint;
“ And feel ’em with ſtrange pow’rs endued;
“ Vigour-creating excellent:—
“ Eat, ADDY; they will do you good.

“ Can you refuſe with me to eat?
“ This is unkind, upon my life.—
“ Smell but how rich they are, and ſweet:
“ What will you not oblige your Wife*?”

He heſitated what to do;
EVE ate, and no harm happen’d to her:—
He ventured to touch one, or two,
And lookt, and ſmelt, and turn’d ’em over.

“ That’s right, ſays She; take more in hand;
“ There’s plenty, you may eat your fill:
“ Pſhaw, never ſhill-I ſhall-I ſtand;—
“ I’ll grant you, after, what you will.”

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* Nihil ſuavius, nihil ſalubrius hoc Fructu.——————Quamobrem interdiceret Deus, niſi per legem ludicram? Rem male capis procul dubio: nihil habet mortiferi hæc Arbor, ſed potius divini aliquid, et ſupra vires communis naturæ. Quid pulchrius hoc pomo? Quam ſuave redolet?——Eſt eſca, crede mihi, Angelis non indigna.
BURNET. *Archæol. Philoſoph.*

This with ſo languiſhing an air,
As raiſed his luſt as high as cou'd be:
‘ He vow'd it was too much to bear;
‘ And *nolens volens* kiſs'd ſhe ſhou'd be.'

And ſtrait prepared to ſtorm the fort;
Since nought by treaty cou'd be done:
Sure, he might legally extort
What nature told him was his own.

Eve gladly ſaw how matters ſtood;
Yet made him more with tantling crazy:
She threaten'd him,—if he was rude,—
Digito male pertinaci.

If Ad the point had fairly puſhed,
He muſt have carried it, no doubt;
But, like an oaf, he ſtopp'd, and bluſhed,
And was (in jockey phraſe) flung out.

Eve was reſolved if he partook
Of joys with her, he ſhou'd the chance
Of her miſhap; and thus ſhe ſpoke,
With peremptory countenance.

" Haul me not, Sir, ſo much about;
" Nor in theſe fooleries perſiſt:
" If you won't eat, e'en go without;—
" As I will, without being kiſt."

Thus artful, acted Eve her part,
The cloſer ſtill as Adam plied:
And raiſed his paſſion, by her art,
Too high to brook to be denied.

In proof of, what he call'd his love,
' A pippin' down his throat he cramm'd;
' Thus,—thus, (ſaid He) my Love I prove;
' For thy dear ſake, I *will* be damn'd.'

This gallantry ſucceeded;—She
Permitted him his amorous play.
And fond as turtle-doves cou'd be,
They kiſs'd and toy'd the night away.

But, Joys too dearly may be bought:
Their ſpirits flagging, with the Sun
Repentance came: and Adam thought,
And reaſon'd upon what he 'd done.

‘ Yes,—yes;—’twas gather’d from “ that Tree;”—
‘ It’s fatal Influence I feel.—
‘ My fears forebode what Death muſt be;
‘ My conſcience is, already, Hell!

‘ Woman accurſt,—this was thy fault:
‘ Thou wou’d’ſt the morning long be gadding;
‘ And, having dared thyſelf revolt,
‘ Returned’ſt but to ſet me madding *.

‘ Becauſe that *thou* waſt hapleſs loſt,
To like perdition wou’d’ſt thou win me:
‘ Cou’d’ſt thou not ſin, but at my coſt?—
‘ OLD-SCRATCH himſelf muſt have been in thee!’

“ ’Twas ever thus; (retorts the Dame;)
“ No errors wou’d’ſt thou own were thine:
“ And now, wou’d’ſt gladly ſhift this blame
“ Thy aching ſhoulders from—to mine.

“ Rather, *thy* churliſhneſs repent;
“ Had’ſt thou but left thy filthy farm,
“ And, when I aſk’d, a-walking went,—
“ Who knows, if I had come to harm?

---

* “ *Gadding*, } MIDAS.
“ *Madding*, }

" If 'twas a fault, that tired of home,
  " I wiſh'd ſome newer ſcenes to try;
" I own it:—I deſired to roam:—
  " No further wicked thoughts had I.

" For what more happ'd I've great excuſe;
  " Great my temptation to be frail:
" For, oh! what Woman cou'd refuſe
  " A DEVIL with an enormous Tail?"

' The DEVIL?—(cried ADAM,) worſe, and worſe:
  ' Cou'd He prevail? In EDEN too?
' What myriads, EVE, thy name ſhall curſe,—
  ' Whom thy Example will undo.

' For ev'n ſhou'd GOD compaſſion take;
  ' And us preſerved, for breeding, be:
' Women how few—good wives will make!
  ' How many—copy after thee!'

11 7 49

F I N I S.

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FINIS.